

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

ENGLISH NATION.

Thursday, July 18. 1706.

AND how can you pretend to relieve the Duke of Savoy by the Expedition now in hand, say the Objectors to this way of arguing? If they were to go directly thither, it were impossible to come in time; for that Matter must be determined one way or other, before they can reach thither or any where thereabouts.

That's true, and I congratulate the Nation in the happy Ignorance of that Design—Such an Ignorance is a Knowledge we gain very much to our Advantage, viz. A Knowledge of a great Alteration in the Management of the *English* Affairs to the Reputation of *England*, and the confounding our Enemies, but of that I have spoken already.

But why may not the Duke of Savoy be reliev'd, tho' our Expedition be not design'd to land at *Fines*, or to sail the length

of the Gulph of *Lyon*; Diversion may answer the End one way, if it cannot another?

Oh! said a certain Gentleman t'other day to me, being very sagacious, I have found out all the Intrigue; I can tell you where your Army is a going; And where do you think this wise Man guess'd, but to *Bordeaux*; because he had a particular Gust to the *French* Claret.

Be it there or else where, I must say this; the Conquest of *Bordeaux*, or any Part of the *French* Wine Trade, and opening a Freedom of Commerce hither, would be a Conquest of the least Advantage to the *English* Trade of any in the World, and I take this occasion to speak it; because our People seem to embrace the Hopes of that Trade, with some more than common Gust of Satisfaction.

If ever we open a Trade for Wine and Brandy to *France*, with an Abatement of the present high Duties now chargeable; we give an effectual Stab to our own Manufactures, and return to one of the fatallest Trades, that ever we carry'd on in *England*. While the high Duties remain, the Import will be small enough to keep within the Bounds of our Export to *France* in *English* Manufactures—Because the Dearness will be a Checque to the Consumption.

But, if you lower the Duties, the Cheapness of the *French* Wine, and the Suitableness of it to the Gust and Inclination of the People is such, that we shall import such Quantities, as will in a prodigious manner, over-balance our Export in Manufactures; and any Body may state the Consequence, viz. That the Ballance must go from us in Money, which is manifestly to our Damage.

At present all our Wine Trade runs to our Advantage, *Portugal* and *Spain* take our Goods for their Wine; and in that case no Import can hurt us, nothing can injure *England* in Trade, that encreases the Consumption of the *English* Manufacture. We can take off the greatest Quantity of the Growth of a Country of any Nation in the World, if they will but take our Goods again in the Room of it: but otherwise, we are *Felo de se* in Trade, murder our own Produce, and turn the Channel against our selves, which runs now half a Million *per Annum* in our Favour.

However, Gentlemen, let not this discourage a Voyage to *Bordeaux*, or a Descent in *Gascogne*; for let the Trade be as open as it will, keep but up your high Duties on Wines and Brandy, you receive no Damage at all—

And why not to *Bordeaux*, as well as to any place? that Town has a great Deal of *English* Blood in it; the *English* were Masters of it above 300 Years, and of all the Country round it, and their Progeny are blended there with the *French*, as they are with all the rest of the World at home.

'Tis foolish to make Conjectures—But under all the Uncertainties of things, the Bay of *Biscay* is the most probable Place for us to expect this Voyage, the Neighbourhood and Communication with the Pro-

stant Provinces of *France*, if they may be so call'd, being most eligible on that side.

But let them land where they will, if they push the *French* to any Extremities; if any Defection of their People follow it; if any Blow be given them; the raising the Siege of *Turin* is not so improbable a Consequence, as some may imagine.

'Tis plain, as things are, the Duke of *Savoy* is in great Danger of being ruin'd; he is already driven to great Straights, beaten out of his Country, all his Places of Strength taken from him, and himself and his Family push'd to the Necessity of taking Sanctuary in the Petty State of *Genoa*, a Place not able to protect him.

We please our selves at the vigorous Resistance of the Garrison; and no doubt, but they will make a very handsom Defence—But in the mean time, *Asti*, *Mondovi*, *Ceva*, and all the little Strengths left the Duke, are snatch't away, and the *French* over-run his Country in a cruel and merciless Manner.

And all depends on the Relief Prince *Eugene* must bring him; which if the *French* act the true Soldier-like Practise of standing upon the Defensive, will be a most difficult and glorious Piece of Service at this Time of the Day.

After all, should the Duke of *Savoy* be reduc'd, nay, should he, to save the compleat Ruin of his Forces, comply with the Demands of the *French*. I do not see, how we could reproach him—He has been over-power'd; he has, like a faithful Confederate, held out to the last Extremity; and we have not been able yet to relieve him, and to be quite driven from his own Dominions, is very hard to bear.

Nor can he complain of the Confederates at least on this side the World; Prince *Eugene* has done his utmost; he has push't Home, he has attack'd all the Parts of an experienc'd General; but wanting Forces, wanting Supplies, has been forc'd back, and what could he do more? he has now all the Work to do over again; all the Ground to fight over again; and unless some lucky Hit enables to put more forward than ordinary, I confess, it will be a hard Task; and I am very doubtful of the Event.

MISCELLANEA.

THE following Letter I confess to have reciev'd some Time ago, and had laid it by as a thing I could not give a reply to; but receiving the other Letter containing the Copy of ingenious Verses on the Subject, I set them together to serve instead of an Answer to one another.

Mr. REVIEW.

Here is a most unaccountable Story in Print about town, of one Mr. Dod, a Linen-Draper in Cornhill, who made a most extravagant Will lately, in which he invited 24 Persons to his Funeral, and gave them every One half a Crown to drink a Health to his Soul, then on her Journey to her Purgation, &c.

There goes another Story of this Mr. Dod, viz. that he, and one Mr. Hatten, were Members of a Club; where they us'd to Drink a Health to Old Sorrel, meaning thereby the Horse that threw down King William.

Pray, acquaint us with your Thoughts of these things; and what Punishment in your Opinion such People deserve.

Yours D. G.

Sorrel Reveng'd.

THIS worthy Remark, 'that of late has been spread
Strange Notions in Print, of a Man that is dead;
Who while he was living as many have heard,
A Stubborn Disciple of High-Church appear'd;
A Tool to the Party, whose Malice and Pride
Sought to ruin the State, and the Church to divide.
This Man of whom I have told you in part,
Was a Red-Letter'd Saint, after *Lefty's* own Heart;
Who cou'd drink for the Church, and by clear Demonstration
Prove *Whigs* to be Rebels and Foes to the Nation;
That High-Church is true Church with Distinction as Nice,
As *Satan's* Logicians prove Virtue, is Vice,
That Crosses and Tapers explain it no less
Than cleansing of Souls, with I. H. and S.

As to the Will of Mr. Dod, there is no room to doubt of the Fact; the Copy of the Will being Printed from *Dodgers Commons*—as to the Punishment he deserves, I doubt not, but he has what he deserves, the Man is dead, his Will speaks both his Principle and his Temper; and as I don't care to Pray for the dead, neither do I censure them; the Example is contemptible, and merits no manner of Regard.

As to the other part of it, if true, it deserves the severest resentment among all English Men, who have any Value for the memory of that Glorious Prince—Heaven has shown a most remarkable Instance of retaliating Justice, both these Men dying by the falling of their Horses, nothing can be more pointing and pregnant of Observations; and the rest is most effectually express'd in the following Lines, which I receiv'd yesterday, sent to Mr. Matthews by an unknown Hand.

That